

SALEM NEWS.

F. A. LOVELOCK, Agent and Correspondent.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—THE partnership heretofore existing between J. B. Richardson & Son has this day been dissolved, I having sold my interest to Mr. Charles Phillips, who, with my son, will continue the mattress business as heretofore under the firm name of Richardson & Phillips and will collect all debts due the firm and assume all obligations of the old firm. J. B. RICHARDSON, of J. B. Richardson & Son. Salem, May 29, 1893. 6747

SALEM ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. ERNEST WALKER,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Insurance, Real Estate and Collecting. Room
Dillard & Persinger building, College avenue.
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BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

A FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT.

We offer the best security in the city and pay semi-annual dividends.

AS A SAVINGS BANK this institution offers special inducements. Paid up shares \$50 each. Installment shares \$1 per month. Shares may be subscribed for at any time. For further information address

THE PEOPLE'S PERPETUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

WM. F. WINCH,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Masonic Temple Jan 11

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never-failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often result in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We guarantee 6 boxes to cure any case. You only pay for benefit received. \$1 a box, 6 for \$5. Sent by mail. GUARANTEES issued only by

419 1y CHRISTIAN & BARBEE.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO GO WEST.

Salem having been connected with Roanoke by electric cars, which assures cheap and rapid transit to parties living in Salem and working in Roanoke, and as Salem can give in her different factories employment to a large number of young ladies; also cheap homes either to renters or buyers. This in connection with her cheap markets make it very desirable to the majority of us just now. For further information address box 66, Salem, Va. 10 law 1mo

NOTTINGHAM & HALLETT

THE LEADING

COAL AND WOOD DEALERS.

We always have Lump Pocahontas Coal, Sawed Stove and Dry Pine Kindling.

GOOD WEIGHT, GOOD COAL

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Office: No. 7 Commerce street.

Yards: 528 First Avenue n. w

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HAVE YOUR

FEATHER BEDS

AND

PILLOWS RENOVATED,

STEAMED AND GLAZED

At once at

DEVON'S DYE WORKS.

114 1f

Pastors' Conference.

The usual weekly meeting of the ministers of the city was held yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. building and was presided over by the president of the conference, Rev. W. F. Hamner, of Greene Memorial Church. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Oliver C. Miller, of St. Mark's Church. The roll call showed the following ministers to be present: Pastors Buchanan, Collins, Campbell, Engle, Garrison, Hamner, Miller, Moomaw, Reiter, Rice and Stanton. In the absence of the secretary, Rev. R. C. Anderson, the minutes of the last meeting were not read, and Rev. H. C. Garrison was appointed secretary pro tem. Verbal reports of the Sunday services were made and discussed by the conference. A brief executive session was held and conference adjourned.

Rev. Mr. Collins Meets With an Accident.

Rev. G. T. D. Collins, the popular and efficient pastor of St. James' Methodist Church, purchased a pair of very fine chickens last Saturday, and in common with all Methodist ministers possesses a proverbial weakness for that kind of diet. He took one of the fowls in the back yard, securely fastened its head in the fence, procured an ax and proceeded to butcher the chicken, but made a mistake and cut the index finger off his left hand and also cut a large gash in his thumb. He had the wound promptly dressed and is not suffering very much from the accident.

THE OLD LADY.

On the Way to the World's Fair She Gets Frightened.

The poor old lady had never ridden in a railroad train before, and now she was making the long journey from New York to Chicago. She asked me for my sympathy.

"My son is in the smoking place," said she. "He only laughs at my fears. But I have read of all the horrid accidents in the papers, and I am sure we shall all be plunged into eternity. Are you not afraid?" This train goes so fast. I cannot think what keeps it on the track. My son would take a fast train. "If you've got to die, you may as well die with a rush," he says. You would almost think he wanted to be killed.

"Oh, you only say that to soothe me, but I am not to be deceived. It's reckless to run cars so fast. I know it cannot be done with safety. There! What a lurch! Really, you have taken these trains so often? And did nothing ever happen?" He was so terribly fast, like this? I am sure you ease my mind greatly. I am much obliged to you. I thought it would do me good just to tell how miserable I was. So you have a wife and children and ain't afraid? I am sure you would not run any risk, and I am glad you comfort me so. There's the colored man. He wants to speak to you."

"Beg yo' pardon, colonel," said the porter. "How does yo' like yo' head?" "Mercy on me! How do you like your head?" What possesses the man?"

"He means how do I want my berth made up. Make it up with my feet toward the engine, porter, please."

"Oh, I see! Dear me! I'll never dare to go to bed. I shall sit up the whole night, dressed and ready for whatever happens."

"No; don't feel that way. There is no danger. Retire just as you would at home, and you will fall asleep and forget your fears."

"Really? Well, I will follow your advice. You cannot think how you have calmed me."

"I shall undress and sleep like a baby. Porter, leave the window open at the foot of my berth and leave the screen in."

"Yes, sir. Say, colonel, yo's right havin' yo' feet made to'ds de engine. Dat's how I allus tell de passengers. 'Feet to'ds de engine is de safes' way eb'ry time,' says I."

"Safest way?" echoed the old lady. "Goodness sakes! How do you mean it's safest?"

"It's easy to see, I kin assure yo', ma'am. Ef yo's sleepin' fast, why dar yo' is; but ef yo're sleepin' wid yo' head to'ds de engine, den when dis yer train smashes into some other train yo' is flung right agin yo' head, an' yo' neck is broke jist like it was a straw."

"Mercy on me! Are we going to smash into some other?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't say we was a-goin' to. All I say is it's best to be prepared. I've been running on dis yer road 22 years, and I've seen 'leven kelsons, an' ev'ry time de folks what's killed is de folks which gits chucked agin their heads. Only last week in de accident at Osceola which I were in a stout lady like you, she—"

But the porter addressed a vacant place. The old lady had fled in search of her son. —Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.

Waiting.

I had stopped to smoke a pipe with a Georgia "cracker" on a log at his door, and noticing the general shiftlessness of the surroundings I finally asked:

"Why don't you fix the roof of your cabin?"

"Gwine ter some day," he replied. "That chimney ought to be rebuilt."

"I'm a-considerin' to do it."

"I should be afraid that stable would fall down and kill the mule."

"Reckon I've got to prop it."

"The weeds appear to be too much for your corn."

"Yes, weeds is powerful around yere."

He was so placid and good natured about it that I ventured further and said:

"It seems to me that with ambition and hard work you could not only make a good living on this place, but get something ahead."

"I could, fur suah," he answered. "Then why don't you do it?"

"Waitin'."

"Waitin' fur what?"

"Waitin' fur to git that ambishun yo' spoke of."

"And do you think you'll ever get it?"

He refilled his pipe, lighted it and slid off the log to get a brace for his back. When he had got comfortably settled, he queried:

"Stranger, yo' doan' live around yere, I reckon?"

"No."

"Cause if yo' did yo'd diskliver dat I hev a mighty good thing of it as it is and would be a fool to let go fur sunthin' new?" —Detroit Free Press.

No More For Her.

Miss Sabrina Nelson of Peakville had been over to Canterbury to attend the centennial celebration of the settlement of that town, and she was tired out.

"How did you enjoy it, Sabrina?" asked one of her neighbors the next day.

"Oh, 'twas pleasant enough if anybody likes sech goings on," replied Miss Nelson loftily. "One secin is about all I want of it. I made up my mind last night I wouldn't ever go to another centennial in Canterbury, not if I lived to be 80 years old!" —Youth's Companion.

A Lively Dose.

A worthy doctor residing in the Rue des Carottes ordered his man to take a box of pills to one of his patients and at the same time deliver a cage containing six canaries at the house of a friend of his. By a strange oversight the man presented the cage to the patient with the following prescription: "Swallow a couple every half hour." —Esprit des Autres.

He Knew His Man.

Beggar—Kind gentleman, pray give me a trifle, so that I can buy a morsel of bread! Gent—Here's twopenny for your bit of bread. Drink my health with it! —Kladederatsch.

Good Prospects.

"Six hundred dollars seems a great deal for you to spend on a bit of lace."

"But it is so becoming! And then Bob's salary will be nearly \$2,000 next year." —Life.

Getting a Dinner.

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dine, but the congregation dispersed without noticing him.

When the church was nearly empty, the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said:

"Brother, will you go home to dinner with me today?"

"Where do you live?"

"About 18 miles from here."

"No, but you must dine with me," answered the brother, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted. —Tit-Bits.

The Latest.



"Say, why don't you shake that old egg-shell off?"

"Shake nothing! Don't you know that crinoline is the style again?" —Truth.

Settled.

Scene—The dining room. Tea for two. Mere Van Setemup—Rentsarclaw Van Setemup, it must be decided before we rise from this table.

Pere Van Setemup (mildly)—Really, Matilda, I have never seen either of the young men. I know nothing about them.

Mere Van S.—Seen them? Know anything about them? Mr. Van Setemup, I have seen them, and I know everything concerning them. My private detectives have told me the rest. I would not be a worthy wife and mother if I did not know all.

Pere Van S.—Yes, my dear.

Mere Van S.—They are equally rich, handsome, educated, and their families are equally good. There is no choice between them. Therefore you must make a choice this evening—now. They will call within an hour, and Daisy is awaiting my signal.

Pere Van S.—Are their characters equally irreproachable, my dear?

Mere Van S.—Mr. Van Setemup, do you suppose I would be so impolite as to inquire concerning their characters? Are you aware, sir, that you are now in New York society, and not in a Nevada mining camp?

Pere Van S.—Excuse me, my dear. I admit that I am a trifle old-fashioned. But if these young gentlemen are equally suitable parties (is that term an fait, comme ci—comme ca, my dear?) why don't you let Daisy make the choice herself?

Mere Van S.—Let an American heiress choose her own husband! Rentsarclaw Van Setemup, have you no conception of propriety at all?

Pere Van S.—I'm afraid not, Matilda. Well, what are the names of the young men?

Mere Van S.—Really, I have forgotten, but I have their cards somewhere.

Pere Van S. (desperately)—Well, I choose the one with the longest name.

Mere Van S. (rising from table and kissing him ecstatically)—Rentsarclaw Van Setemup, this is the first thing you have ever done to advance our position in society—excepting only your successful corner in pork. —Brooklyn Life.

What He Could Do.

He was a very, very little boy, and he had come to school that morning, puffed up with pride because he had a new accomplishment. "I can dress me all myself now," he said to the teacher, and her praise was unstinted.

"I am very proud of a little boy who can dress himself," she said. "I'm sure he will be a great comfort in school, he can do so many things now, and he is so anxious to do them well."

Little Tommy drew a long breath of delight and trudged off to his seat. He never meant to be naughty any more; he was sure he never should be. But, alas! school grew tiresome, and Tommy fidgety. He forgot his reputation and indulged in several remarkable antics behind the teacher's back. Then he was discovered and condemned to exile behind the door.

Time passed, and Tommy was forgotten, but the committeeman drove up, and while he was alighting Tommy was remembered. The teacher hastened behind the door to release him from discovery and disgrace.

There he stood with nothing on but his little shirt and his little shoes and stockings. His eyes shone; his round face was smiling and eager. He looked up triumphantly, waiting for approval. He had been praised once for a similar deed. Why not again?

"I can undress me, too!" he cried in glee. —Youth's Companion.

Force of Habit.

A man driving a spirited horse stopped at a down town restaurant for his dinner. The waiter who attended him stood in the door admiring the horse.

"Bring him a lump of sugar," said the horse owner, dropping a fee into the waiter's palm.

The man went inside, but soon returned with a bowl of lump sugar and the accompanying tongs. As the horse opened his mouth for the treat the waiter seized a lump in the tongs and with his customary suavity asked hurriedly:

"How many lumps, sah?"

Then hearing the laugh at his expense he hurriedly returned to the restaurant. —Detroit Free Press.

Appropriate.

Young Jobson (of Jobson & Co., the local grocers)—Oh, yes, Brown is not a bad fellow, but he's terribly sarcastic. The other day I asked him to fix me up a nice motto to go over the counter. What do you think he wrote?

Chorus—Give it up—what?

"That one, 'Honesty is the best policy.' —Comic Cuts.

Rembrandt the Remnant.

"I saw a painting by an old master today in New York," said Mrs. Spriggins.

"What was his name?" asked Spriggins.

"Let me see—Remnant, I think. Yes, I'm sure it was Remnant. He was one of the last of the great painters, I believe." —Harper's Bazar.

Awfully Jolly.

Count de Cosmopolis—Zen mademoiselle do not feel ze indifference for me?

Miss Wealthful—No. I've been awfully interested in you since papa told me you were an adventurer. It's so jolly! Tell me about your escapes and all that. —Tit-Bits.

Pro Tem.

"So you have named the baby 'Obadiah'?"

"What does the 'T' stand for?"

"Oh, that means 'Temporarily'—until he gets his Uncle Obadiah's money, you know." —Life.

REASONS

Why You Should Advertise in

THE ROANOKE TIMES.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in Virginia west of Richmond.

SIZE.

It is the largest daily in Virginia—eight pages, forty-eight columns.

NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any daily south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi, three only excepted.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000 inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Advertise in THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Southwest Virginia has within ten years grown 200,000 in population and received

EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS

of foreign capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that THE TIMES is the representative organ of that population and that capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that this new population presents the most fertile advertising field in America.

REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD READ

The Roanoke Times.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in Virginia west of Richmond.

SIZE.

It is the largest daily in Virginia—eight pages, forty-eight columns.

NEWS.

It prints a larger amount of news than any daily south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi in any city the size of Roanoke.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000 inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Read THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Roanoke has within ten years become the third largest city in Virginia.

Because you don't know that THE TIMES is the representative organ of Southwest Virginia.

Because you don't know that THE TIMES is the best paper in Virginia, outside of Richmond.